

NO. CCCXXIV.

FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

COX AND BOX;

A Romance of Real Life, in one Act.

BY

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MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[Cox and Box.

JAMES JOHN COX..... ..A Journeyman Hatter.

JOHN JAMES BOX.....A Journeyman Printer.

SERGEANT BOUNCER.....Late of the Dampshire Yeomanry,
with Military Reminiscences.

822
m 84c

English

COX AND BOX.

SCENE.—*A room decently furnished ; at C., a bed, with curtains closed ; at L. C., a door ; at L. 3 E., a door ; at L. 2 E., a chest of drawers ; at back, R., a window ; at R. 3 E., a door ; at R. 2 E., a fire-place, with mantel-piece ; table and chairs ; a few common ornaments on chimney-piece.*

Cox, dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which he holds in his hand.

Cox I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! [*His hair is very short.*] And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hairdresser only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends. Never mind, I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock! I declare I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. [*Knock at door, L. c.*] Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter SERJEANT BOUNCER.

Bouncer Good morning, Colonel Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Colonel.

Cox I can't say I did, B. I should feel obliged to you if you could accomodate me with a protuberant bolster, B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and a nothing whatever in the middle.

Boun Anything to accommodate you, Captain Cox.

Cox Thank you. Then perhaps you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

Boun Certainly. [*Holding glass before Cox, who ties on his cravat.*] Why, I do declare you've had your hair cut!

Cox Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. I look as if I had been cropped for the Militia!

Boun The Militia! I recollect when I was in the Militia.

Cox Ah! now he's off on his hobby.

[Exit.

Boun Yes, we were mounted on chargers. I recollect on one occasion, being seated firmly in the saddle for eight hours, and I don't recollect being able to sit down again firmly for a considerable period afterwards.

Song—BOUNCER—"Rataplan."

Yes, in those merry days, those brilliant days,
We gathered our laurels, and rode on our bays

I mounted a horse
In Her Majesty's force,
As one of the yeomen
Who'd meet with the foemen,
Because an invasion
Threatened the nation,
When every man
In the rear and the van
Found an occasion
To sing Rataplan!

We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,
Somehow the enemy didn't come.

So I gave up my horse
In Her Majesty's force,
For there wasn't a foeman
To fight with a yeoman;
And as no invasion
Threatened the nation,
There wasn't a man
In the rear or the van
Who found an occasion
To sing Rataplan!

Enter Cox.

Cox Well, this is pleasant. This comes of having one's hair cut. none of my hats will fit me. Never mind; this one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others, [*Puts on hat.*] and now I'm off! By the bye, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Boun Why, I suppose the chimney—

Cox The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke; how is that?

Boun [*Confused.*] Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Cox At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Boun Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Cox Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other kinds of smoke, and going up the chimney, thinks proper to effect a singularity by taking an opposite direction.

Boun Why—

Cox Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down when I'm coming up?

Boun Why—yes—I—

Cox From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Boun Yes, sir, and a very respectable young gentleman he is.
 Good morning, Colonel. [Going.]

TABLEAU II.—COX and BOUNCER.

Duet.—"Stay, Bouncer, Stay."

Stay, Bouncer, stay—to me it has occurred,
 That now's the time with you to have a word.
 What can he mean? I tremble, ah! I tremble.
 Listen!

With pleasure. [*Aside.*] Yes, I must dissemble.
 That two are two, arithmetic explains;
 Take one from two, and only one remains;
 Take one from one, and as we have been taught,
 Remainder, none—that is, remainder—nought.
 You follow me—I think you can.
 I do—Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan,
 Now, coals is coals, as sure as eggs is eggs;
 Coals haven't souls no more than they have legs;
 And as you will admit the case is so,
 Legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go!
 Well—I should say—or, as it seems to me—
 Exactly.

Quite so.

Then we both agree.

As we agree—good day!

I've something more to say.

'Tis not my coals alone—

(Ah! why this cruel tone?)

But other things, as dear as they to me,
 Which in that little closet

I carefully deposit,

In them a sure and gradual loss I see;

Until their case the poet's words express—

Small by degrees, and beautifully less.

And now, Sergeant Bouncer,

I beg to announce, sir,

For ne'er was occasion as this half so good;

Whate'er may my coals ail,

These things go by wholesale—

My lucifers, candles, sugar and wood!

Mr. Cox, Mr. Cox, my feelings o'erpower me.

That you, my lodger, my friendly lodger,

Should once suspect that Bouncer is a dodger!

As to who takes your coals, wood, and all that,

It must have been—

No, no, 'twas not the CAT!

Rataplan, rataplan! I'm a military man,

Rough, honest, I hope, though unpolished;

And I'll bet you a hat, that as to the cat,

The cat in the Army's abolished.

Rataplan, rataplan! You're a military man,

Honest, I hope, though it doesn't appear;
And as to the cat, the treacherous cat,
If it isn't in the Army, don't have it here.

[Exit.]

Boun He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so: for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a happy thought of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. [*He takes the three hats, Cox's dressing gown and slippers, opens door at L. and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*] Now then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it. [*Puts key on the ledge of the door L.*] Now then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Colonel Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Private Box—people's tastes do differ so. [*Goes behind the curtains of the bed and seems to be making it—then appears with a very thin bolster in his hand.*] The idea of Colonel Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this!

[*He disappears again behind curtains.*]

Box [*Without.*] Pooh, pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir?

Box enters at back, dressed as a printer—puts his head out of door again, shouting.

It was as much your fault as mine, sir. I say, sir, it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

Boun [*Emerging from behind the curtains of bed.*] Lor, Mr. Box, what is the matter?

Box Mind your own business, Bouncer.

Boun Dear, dear, Mr Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you are quite *pale* in the face.

Box What color would you have a man be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Boun But then, you've all day to yourself.

Box [*Looking significantly at BOUNCER.*] So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed.

Boun Oh, certainly, Mr. Box!

[*Going.*]

Box Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

Boun [*Confused.*] Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box Oh; there's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims, hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Boun Yes, sir. And, they tell me that's why he took the *hatties*! And by-the-by, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a par-

ticular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Cox Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Boun You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger? [*Pathetically.*]

Box It wou'd come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning—that I shall give you warning at once.

Boun Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you.

Boun Well, if ever!

Box But there's one evolution I should much like to see you perform.

Boun What's that?

Box Right about face, quick march.

[*Exit BOUNCER, L. C. D., slamming door after him.*]

Box It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable warrior. He knows I'm up all night, and yet he seems to set his face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—[*Feeling in his pockets.*] I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—[*Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on table.*]—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? [*Looking on mantel-piece, R., and taking box—opens it.*] Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees too bad! I'm perfectly aware that he purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar, I had a whole box full three days ago, and now there's is only one! but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred! [*Lights the fire—then takes down the gridiron, which is hanging over fireplace, R.*] Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! [*Places gridiron on fire, and then with a fork lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.*] How sleepy I am, to be sure. I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. [*Yawning again.*] Perhaps it will turn itself.

TABLEAU III.—*The Beauties of Bacon.*

Song, BOX—"Hush-a-bye, Bacon."
Cox Hushed is the bacon, on the grid;
 I'll take a nap and close my eye;
 Soon I'll be nodding, nodding, nid,
 Nid nodding, singing lullaby.

Hush a-bye bacon,
 On the coal top,
 Till I awaken
 There you will stop.

Sleep, gentle bacon, smoke amid,
 Which, circling up, smiles on the fry,

While I am nodding, nodding nid

Nid nodding, singing lullaby.

Hush a-bye, bacon, &c.

[Retires to bed.]

Enter Cox, dancing with delight, L. c.

Song, Cox—"My master is always punctual in business."

Delight is depicted on his expressive countenance—he dances joyously while singing.

My master is punctual always in business.

Unpunctuality, even slight, is in his

Eyes, such a crime, that on showing my phiz in his

Shop, I thought *there'd* be the devil to pay!

[Dances joyously whilst arranging his hair, dress, &c]

My aged employer, with his physiognomy

Shining from soap like a star in astronomy,

Said, "Mr. Cox, you'll oblige me and honor me,

If you will take this as your holiday."

[Gives festive indications of a holiday, still dancing.]

Visions of Brighton and back, and of Rosherville,

Cheap-fare excursions—already the squash I feel—

Fearing the rain, put on my mackintosh *I will!*

Now for my breakfast, my light *dejunay!*

Cox I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner.

[Puts chop on table.] Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Holloa! what's this? A roll, I declare. Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Holloa—[Seeing the lucifer box on table.]—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, its empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did.—Heydey! why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare. And what's that on it! Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook his breakfast by. No, no—I can't stand this! [Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire.] Now, then, for my breakfast things.

[Taking key, hung up L., opens door, L., and goes out, slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.]

Box [Suddenly showing his head from behind curtains.] Come in, if it's you, Bouncer; you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep! [Suddenly recollecting.] Goodness gracious—my bacon! [Leaps off bed, and runs to the fire-place.] Holla! what's this? A chop? Whose chop? Bouncer's, I'll be bound! He thought to cook his breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too! and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? [Seeing it on the table.] Here it is. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation!—Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! [Digs the fork into the chop—opens window and throws chop out—shuts window again.] So much for Bouncer's breakfast; and now for my own! [With fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.] I may as well lay my breakfast things.

[Goes to mantel-piece at R.—takes key out of one of the ornaments—opens door at R. and exits, slamming door after him.]

Cox [Putting his head in quickly at door, L.] Come in, come in. [Opens door and enters with a small tray, on which are tea-things, &c, which he places

on drawers, L., and suddenly recollects.] Oh, goodness ! my chop ! [*Running to fireplace.*] Helloa—what's this ? The bacon again ! Oh, pooh ! Zounds—confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this !

[*Pokes fork into bacon, opens window and flings it out—shuts window again and returns to drawers for tea-things—encounters BOX coming from his cupboard with tea-things—they come down c. of stage together.*

TABLEAU V.—*The Stranger.*

Grand Duet.—Box and Cox.—“ *Who are you, Sir ?* ”

Cox Who are you, sir ? tell me, who ?

Box If you come to that, sir, who are you ?

Cox Who are *you*, sir ?

Box What's that to you, sir ?

Cox What's that to *who*, sir ?

Box Who, sir ?—You, sir !

Cox [*Aside.*] Yes ! 'tis the printer !

Box [*Aside.*] Yes ! 'tis the hatter !

Cox [*With suppressed fury.*] Printer, printer,
Take a hincer !—

Leave my room—if not, shall I
Vainly struggle with the fire,
With the raging fierce desire
To do you an injury.

Box [*With suppressed fury.*] Hatter, hatter,
Cease your clatter !

Leave my room—if not, shall I
Vainly struggle with the fire,
With the raging fierce desire
To do you an injury.

Cox Your room ! if on that you're bent
Here is my receipt for rent.

Box Your receipt ? Oh, very fine !
If you come to *that*, sir, here is mine !

BOTH [*Ringing bells.*]

Thieves ! murder ! Bouncer ! he can

Settle the { hatter } and turn out the man !
 { printer }

Enter BOUNCER.

Boun [*With his usual military reminiscence.*] Rataplan !

Tris Rataplan !

Cox [*Speaking.*] What do you mean by singing Rataplan ?

Box [*Speaking.*] If you come to that, sir, what do *you* mean by singing Rataplan ?

Cox I mean nothing, sir.

Box So do I.

Cox Very well, sir.

Box Very well, sir !

[*They sing the refrain.*

Box Instantly remove that hatter !

Cox Immediately turn out that printer !

Boun Well—but gentlemen—

Cox Explain ! [*Pulling him round.*]

Box Explain ! [*Pulling him round.*] Whose room is this ?

Cox Yes—whose room is this ?

Box Doesn't it belong to me?

Boun No!

Cox There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me.

Boun No—it belongs to both of you!

Cox { Both of us?

Box }

Boun Oh, yes! Gents, don't be angry; but, you see, this gentleman [*Pointing to Box.*] only being at home in the daytime, and that gentleman [*Pointing to Cox.*] at night, I thought I might venture—until my little back second-floor room was ready—

Cox { [*Eagerly.*] When will your little back second-floor be ready?

Box }

Boun Why, to-morrow—

Cox I'll take it!

Box So will I!

Boun Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Both True.

Cox I spoke first, sir!

Box With all my heart, sir! The little back-second floor room is yours, sir—now go!

Cox Go? Pooh, pooh!

Boun Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

Both Then put it up!

Boun Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now, gents and officers, don't fight; but keep your tempers.

[*Exit, door L.C.*]

Cox What a disgusting position! [*Walking rapidly round the stage.*]

Box [*Sitting down on chair, at one side of table, and following Cox's movements.*] Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it?

Cox I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.

[*Seating himself at the table opposite Box.*]

Box Very well, sir.

Cox Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent you from going out.

Box Don't flatter yourself, sir, [*Cox is about to break a piece of roll off.*] Halloo! that's my roll, sir. [*Snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it with a piece of tinder—puffs smoke across the table towards Cox.*]

Cox Holloo! What are you about, sir?

Box What am I about? I'm about to smoke.

Cox Wheugh! [*Goes to the window at Box's back, and flings it open.*]

Box Hollo! [*Turns round.*] Put down that window, sir!

Cox Then put your pipe out, sir!

Box There!

[*Puts pipe on the table.*]

Cox There!

[*Slams down window and re-seats himself.*]

Box I shall retire to my pillow.

[*Gets up, takes off his jacket, then goes towards bed and sits upon it, L. C.*]

Cox [*Jumps up, goes to bed and sits down on R. of Box*] I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed. [*Both rising.*]

Box Your bed? Hark ye, sir—can you fight?

Cox No, Sir.

Box No? Then come on.

[*Sparring at Cox.*]

Cox Sit down, sir, or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"

Box [*Sits himself, Cox does the same.*] I say, sir—

Cox Well, sir?

Box Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throat, sir.

Cox Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, sir.

Cox Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box Besides, it was all Bouncer's fault, sir.

Cox Entirely, sir. [*Gradually approaching chair.*]

Box Very well, sir!

Cox Very well, sir! [*Pause.*]

Box Take a bit of roll, sir?

Cox Thank ye, sir. [*Breaking a bit off—pause.*]

Box Do you sing, sir?

Cox I sometimes dabble in a serenade.

Box Then dabble away.

TABLEAU VI.—*The Duel.*

Serenade, Box and Cox—"The Buttercup dwells in the lowly mead "

The buttercup dwells in the lowly mead,

The daisy is bright to see;

But brighter far are the eyes that read

The thoughts in the heart of me.

I come by night,

I come by day,

I come in the morn to sing my lay;

I know my notes,

I count each bar,

And I've learnt a tune on the gay guitar.

Box } Tum ti tum, &c.

Cox } I come by night, &c., &c.

Box The floweret shines on the minaret fair.

The dahlia waves in the breeze;

The cockchafer sighs in the midnight air,

The dicky-bird sings in the trees.

I come by night,

I come by day.

I never! no, never can stay away!

If you the guitar

Can sweetly do,

I play on the concertina, too.

Cox plays on the gridiron like a guitar—*Box takes an opera hat and imitates the concertina.*

Box Have you read this month's Bradshaw, sir?

Cox No, sir, my wife wouldn't let me.

Box Your wife?

Cox That is—my intended wife.

Box Well, that's the same thing! I congratulate you.

[*Shaking hands.*]

Cox [*With a deep sigh.*] Thank ye. [*Seeing Box about to get up*] You needn't disturb yourself, sir, she won't come here.

Box Oh! I understand. You've got a snug little establishment of your own *here*—on the sly—cunning dog. [*Nudging Cox.*]

Cox [*Drawing himself up.*] No such thing, sir—I repeat, sir; no such thing, sir; but my wife—I mean my *intended* wife, happens to be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing machines—

Box [*Suddenly.*] Ha! Where? [*Grasping Cox's arm.*]

Cox At a favorite watering place. How curious you are!

Box Not at all. Well?

Cox Consequently, in the bathing season—which luckily is rather a long one—we see but little of each other; but as that is now over, I am daily indulging in the expectation of being blessed with the sight of my beloved. [*Very seriously.*] Are you married?

Box Me? Why—not exactly!

Cox Ah—a happy bachelor?

Box Why—not precisely!

Cox Oh! a—widower?

Box No—not absolutely.

Cox You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't exactly understand how you can help being one of the three.

Box Not help it?

Cox No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive.

Box Ah, that may be—but I'm not alive!

Cox [*Pushing back his chair.*] You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking upon such subjects.

Box But I am perfectly serious, sir; I've been defunct for the last three years!

Cox [*Shouting.*] Will you be quiet, sir?

Box If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate friends.

Cox My very dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world, and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.

Box Oh! then I presume I'm not to set you down as being frantically attached to your intended?

Cox Why, not exactly; and yet, at present I'm only aware of one obstacle to my doating upon her, and that is, that I can't abide her.

Box Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.

Cox [*Eagerly.*] I will! What is it?

Box Drown yourself?

Cox [*Shouting again.*] Will you be quiet, sir?

Box Listen—

Romance.—Box, with interpolations by Cox.

Box Three years ago it was my fate to captivate a widow at Ramsgate

Cox [*Aside.*] I, 'tis odd to state, the same at Margate did, oh?

Box By her not liking to be kissed I thought I'd better try to In the Life Guards or Blues enlist.

Cox [*Aside.*] How odd, and so did I, too.

Box I wasn't tall enough, they said of me.

Cox [*Aside.*] Too short, they said of me.

Box The Infantry I entered.

Cox [*Aside.*] And I, the Infan-tree.

Box My widow offered to purchase my discharge from the marching line, oh!

Cox [*Aside.*] That's odd, co-incidentally, the very same did mine, Oh!

Box I hesitated to consent; for my consent she waited; I gave it.

Cox [*Aside.*] Ah, with mine I went, and never hesitated.

Box The happy day was fixed at length, we hoped it would be sunny;

I found I needed all my strength to face the ceremony.

I suddenly found out I was unworthy to possess her!

I told her so at once, because I feared it might distress her.

Before the words were out of my mouth

There came from the north and flew to the south

A something that went unpleasantly near,

Clattering, spattering, battering, shattering,

Dashing, crashing, smashing,

Splashing, flashing, clashing,

Missing, but whizzing right past my ear.

It shattered itself on the mantle-piece—whop

Cox What was it?

Box Ah, tremble! the basin called slop—

It fell at my foot.

It would have put

The back of a person who's ever so meek up.

So, being thus baited, I retaliated,

And hurled at my widow a crockery teacup.

Cox Between you, then, there was a fraction?

Box And I was threatened with an action.

Cox Oh, heavens! Proceed!

Box One morn when I had finished my ablution, I took—

Cox A walk?

Box No, sir, a resolution. Friends or foes, none suppose, nobody knows what I does. I tie up my clothes, my shirt and my hose, my socks for my toes, my linen for nose, I think of my woes, and under the rose, I pack up my bundle and off I goes!

Cox Ha, ha! you left in a tiff?

Box Listen! I solemnly walked to the cliff,

And singing a sort of a dulcet dirge,

Put down my bundle on the verge;

Heard the wild seagulls' mournful cry,

Looked all around—there was nobody nigh.

None save I, on the cliff so high,

And all but the sea was calm and dry;

And I took one look at the wave below,

I raised my hand in an agony throe,

And I stood at the edge of the rock so steep,

And gazed like a maniac into the deep.

I cried, "Farewell, farewell to earth!

Farewell, farewell to the land of my birth,

Farewell, farewell to my only love,

To the sea below, to the sky above."

With a glance at the sea of wild despair,

I cried, "I come!" My bundle lay there
At the edge, where the Coast Guard's way was chalk'd,
Then away! in the opposite way I walked.

Both What a clever man! what a right good plan!

I've }
You've } listened with attention

Box If you like it why
Should you not try
My wonderful invention?

Cox I think that I
Should like to try
Your wonderful invention.

Cox Dear me! I think I begin to have some slight perception of
your meaning. Ingenious creature! You disappeared—the suit of
clothes was found—

Box Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat, or the waist-
coat, or the pantaloons—I forget which—there was also found a piece
of paper with these affecting farewell words:—"This is thy work,
oh, Penelope Ann!"

Cox Penelope Ann! [*Starts up, takes Box by the arm, and leads him
slowly to front of stage.*] Penelope Ann?

Box Penelope Ann!

Cox Originally widow of William Wiggins?

Box Widow of William Wiggins!

Cox Proprietor of bathing machines?

Box Proprietor of bathing machines!

Cox At Margate?

Box And Ramsgate!

Cox It must be she! And you, sir—you are Box—the lamented,
long-lost Box?

Box I am!

Cox And I was about to marry the interesting creature you so
cruelly deceived.

Box Ah, then you are Cox!

Cox I am!

Box I heard of it. I congratulate you—I give you joy! and now
I think I'll go and take a stroll. [*Going.*]

Cox No you don't! [*Stopping him.*] I'll not lose sight of you till I've
restored you to the arms of your intended.

Box My intended? You mean *your* intended;

Cox No, sir—yours!

Box How can she be *my* intended, now that I am drowned?

Cox You're no such thing, sir! and I prefer presenting you to
Penelope Ann. Permit me, then, to follow the generous impulse of
my nature—I give her up to you.

Box Benevolent being! I would't rob you for the world. [*Going.*]
Good morning, sir!

Cox [*Seizing him.*] Stop!

Box Unhand me, hatter! or I shall cast off the lamb and assume
the lion!

Cox Pooh!

[*Snapping his fingers in Box's face.*]

Box An insult! to my very face—under my very nose! [*Rubbing
it*] You know the consequences, sir—*instant* satisfaction, sir!

Cox With all my heart, sir!

[*They go to fireplace, R., and begin ringing bells violently, and pull down bell-pulls.*]

Both Bouncer ! Bouncer !

BOUNCER runs in, door, L. C., all three sing "Rataplan" and stop in the middle.

Boun What is it, gentlemen ?

Box Pistols for two !

Boun Yes, sir !

... ..

[*Going.*]

Cox Stop ! You don't mean to say, thoughtless and misguided militiaman, that you keep loaded firearms in the house.

Boun Oh, no—they're not loaded.

Cox Then produce the murderous weapons instantly.

[*Exit BOUNCER, L. C.*]

Box I say, sir !

Cox Well, sir ?

Box What's your opinion of duelling, sir ?

Cox I think it's a barbarous practice, sir.

Box So do I, sir. To be sure, I don't so much object to it when the pistols are not loaded.

Cox No ; I dare say that *does* make some difference.

Box And yet, sir—on the other hand—doesn't it strike you as rather a waste of time, for two people to keep firing pistols at one another, with nothing in 'em ?

Cox No, sir—no more than any other harmless recreation.

Box Hark ye ! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann ?

Box Because, as I have observed already, I can't abide her. You'll be happy with her.

Box Happy ?—me ? With the consciousness that I have deprived *you* of such a treasure ? No, no, Cox !

Cox Don't think of me, Box—I shall be sufficiently rewarded by the knowledge of my Box's happiness.

Box Don't be absurd, sir.

Cox Then don't you be ridiculous, sir.

Box I won't have her.

Cox No more will I !

Box I have it ! Suppose we draw lots for the lady—eh, Mr. Cox ?

Cox That's fair enough, Mr. Box.

Box Or what say you to dice ?

Cox With all my heart ! Dice, by all means.

[*Eagerly.*]

Box [*Aside.*] That's lucky ! Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws sixes, I suspect they are good ones.

[*Goes to cupboard at R., and brings out dice-box.*]

Cox [*Aside.* I've no objections at all to dice. I lost one pound seven teen and sixpence at last Barnet Races, to a very gentlemanly looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes—I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another half-crown and he gave me the dice.

[*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses lucifer box as substitute for dice-box, which is on the table.*]

Box Now then, sir !

Cox I'm ready, sir ! [*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*]

Will you lead off, sir ?

Box As you please, sir. The lowest throw wins Penelope Ann?

Cox Of course, sir!

Box Very well, sir!

Cox Very well, sir!

[*Box rattling dice and throwing.*]

TABLEAU VII.—*The Gamblers! The Rattle! The Hazard! The Die!*
Gambling Duet—"Sixes."

Box Sixes.

Cox That's a good throw for you.

Sixes.

Box That's not a bad one, too

Sixes.

Cox Sixes.

Box Sixes.

Cox Sixes.

Box Very good dice.

Cox Yours, sir, are nice.

Box Suppose we arrange

(If it suits you) to change.

Cox Oh, very well, that I will do

To please a gentleman such as you.

Box Sixes.

Cox Sixes.

Box Sixes.

Cox Sixes.

Both Oh, this is absurd.

I never have heard.

Of such wonderful throws

As I've seen with those.

"Sixes," "sixes,"

Looks like tricksies;

With such a throw there's nobody can
Ever settle the case of Penelope Ann.

Spoken.

Box It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this way.

Cox I shall go on till my luck changes.

Box I have it—suppose we toss up for the lady?

Cox With all my heart.

Cox Where's my tossing sixpence? }

Box Where's my lucky shilling? } [*Sung.*]

[*Spoken.*] Now then, sir, heads win?

Cox Or tails lose, whichever you prefer.

Box It's the same to me, sir.

Cox Very well, sir—heads, I win—tails, you lose.

Box Yes—[*Suddenly.*] no—heads win, sir,

Cox Very well—go on.

[*They are standing opposite to each other.*]

Box Head.

Cox Head.

Box Head.

Cox Couldn't you say something instead?

Box Head.

Cox Head.

Both Head.

Box I wish an occasional tail you'd try.
Head.

Cox Head.

Both Head.

Box I nail

Your sixpence. Hallo! it's got no tail!
I've a mind to pitch you out on the leads.

Cox Your shilling, I find, has got two heads.

Both You swindler, you cheat,
Take care of my feet.
Out of my room, sir, and into the street.
Turn me out—try it—that is, if you can.
Swindler, cheat, vagabond, cheat.

Enter BOUNCER.

Boun [*As usual, quite equal to the occasion.*] Rataplan

Trio Rataplan! Rataplan!

Box } Is the little back second-floor room ready?
Cox }

Boun Not quite, gentlemen. I can't find the pistols, but I have brought you a letter—it came by the General Post, yesterday. I am sure I don't know how I came to forget it, for I put it carefully in my pocket.

Cox And you've kept it carefully in your pocket ever since?

Boun Yes, sir. I hope you'll forgive me, sir. [*Going.*] By-the-by, I paid twopence for it.

Cox Did you? Then I do forgive you. [*Exit BOUNCER, door, L. C.—Looking at letter.*] "Margate!" The postmark decidedly says "Margate."

Box Oh, doubtless a tender epistle from Penelope Ann.

Cox Then read it, sir. [*Handing letter to Box.*]

Box Me, sir?

Cox Of course. You don't suppose I'm going to read a letter from your intended.

Box My intended? Pooh! Its addressed to you—C O X.

Cox Do you think that's a C? It looks to me like a B.

Box Nonsense? fracture the seal.

Cox [*Opens letter—starts.*] Goodness gracious!

Box [*Snatching letter—starts.*] Gracious goodness!

Cox [*Taking letter again.*] "Margate, May the 4th. Sir,—I hasten to convey to you the intelligence of a melancholy accident, which has bereft you of your intended wife." He means *your* intended.

Box No, *yours*! However, it's perfectly immaterial; go on.

Cox [*Resuming letter.*] "Poor Mrs. Wiggins went out for a short excursion in a sailing boat. A sudden and violent squall soon after took place, which, it is supposed, upset her, as she was found, two days afterwards, keel upwards."

Box Poor woman!

Cox The boat, sir! [*Reading.*] "As her man of business, I immediately proceeded to examine her papers, amongst which I soon discovered her will, the following extract from which will, I have no doubt, be satisfactory to you:—"I hereby bequeath my entire property to my intended husband." Excellent but unhappy creature.

Box Generous, ill-fated being. [*Affected.*]

Cox And to think that I tossed up for such a woman.

Box When I remember that I staked such a treasure on the hazard of a die.

Cox Mr. Box, I can't sufficiently thank you for your sympathy.

Box And I'm sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn't feel more if she had been your own intended.

Cox If she'd been my own intended! She was my own intended.

Box Your intended? Come, I like that! Didn't you very properly observe just now, sir, that I proposed to her first?

Cox To which you very sensibly replied that you'd come to an untimely end.

Box I deny it.

Cox I say you have!

Box The fortune's mine!

Cox Mine!

Box I'll have it!

Cox So will I!

Box I'll go to law!

Cox So will I!

Box Stop—a thought strikes me. Instead of going to law about the property, suppose we divide it.

Cox Equally?

Cox Equally. I'll take two thirds.

Cox That's fair enough—and I'll take three fourths.

Box That won't do. Half and half.

Cox Agreed! There's my hand upon it.

Box And mine. [*About to shake hands—a knock heard at street door, R.*

Cox Hollo! Postman again?

Box Postman yesterday—postman to day—

Enter BOUNCER, door, L. C.

Boun Another letter, Colonel Cox—twopence more.

Cox I forgive you again! [*Taking letter.*] Another trifle from Margate. [*Opens letter, starts.*] Goodness gracious!

Box [*Snatching letter, starts.*] Gracious goodness!

Cox [*Snatching letter again, reads.*] "Happy to inform you, false alarm."

Box [*Overlooking.*] "Sudden squall—boat upset—Mrs. Wiggins, your intended"—

Cox "Picked up by a steamboat"—

Box "Carried into Boulogne"—

Cox "Returned here this morning"—

Box "Will start by early train to-morrow"—

Cox "And be with you at ten o'clock exact."

[*Both simultaneously pull out their watches.*]

Box Cox, I congratulate you—

Cox Box, I give you joy!

Box I'm sorry that most important business at the Colonial Office will prevent my witnessing the truly happy meeting between you and your intended! Good morning! [*Going.*]

Cox [*Stopping him.*] It's obviously proper for me to retire. Not for worlds would I disturb the rapturous meeting between you and your intended. Good morning!

Box You'll excuse me, sir—but our last arrangement was that she was your intended.

Cox No, yours!

Box Yours!

Both Yours! *[Ten o'clock strikes—noise of an omnibus.*

Box Ha! What's that! A cab's drawn up at the door! *[Running*

window.] No, it's a twopenny omnibus!

Cox *[Leaning over Box's shoulder.]* A lady's got out—

Box There's no mistaking that majestic person—it's Penelope Ann!

Cox Your intended!

Box Yours!

Cox Yours! *[Both run to door, L. C., and eagerly listen.*

Box Hark, she's coming up stairs!

Cox Shut the door!

[They slam the door, and both lean against it with their backs.

Boun *[Without, and knocking.]* Colonel!

Cox *[Shouting.]* I've just stepped out!

Box So have I!

Boun *[Without.]* Mr. Cox! *[Pushing at the door, Cox and Box redouble their efforts to keep the door shut.]* Open the door! It's only me—Ser-
geant Bouncer!

Cox Only you? Then where's the lady?

Boun Gone!

Cox Upon your honor?

Box As a Militiaman?

Boun Yes; and she's left a note for Brigadier Cox.'

Cox Give it to me.

Boun Then open the door!

Cox Pnt it under! *[A letter is put under door, Cox picks up the letter and opens it.]* Goodness gracious!

Box *[Snatching letter.]* Gracious goodness!

[Cox snatches the letter, and runs forward, followed by Box.]

Cox *[Reading.]* "Dear Mr. Cox, pardon my candor."

Box *[Looking over, and reading.]* "But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate—"

Cox "I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union—"

Box "With Mr. Knox."

Cox Huzzo!

Box Three cheers for Knox. Ha, ha, ha!

[Tosses the letter in the air, and begins dancing, Cox does the same.]

Boun *[Putting his head in at door.]* The little second-floor back room is quite ready.

Cox I don't want it!

Box No more do I!

Cox What shall part us?

Box What shall tear us asunder?

Cox Box!

Box Cox! *[About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.]* You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long—lost brother.

Cox The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox No!

Box Then it is he!

[*They rush into each other's arms.*]

Cox Of course we stop where we are?

Box Of course!

Cox For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

Box So am I—I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Cox Everything so clean and comfortable—

Box And I'm sure the master of it, from what I have seen of him,
is very anxious to please.

Cox So he is—and I vote, Box, that we stick by him!

Box Agreed!

FINALE.

Box My hand upon it, join but yours;

Agree, the house will hold us.

Cox And two good lodgers Bouncer thus secures;

He'll in his arms enfold us.

Enter BOUNCER.

Boun

O, yes, to arms!

And war's alarms.

You remember, of course,

When I rode on a horse

In Her Majesty's force,

As one of the Yeomen,

Who'd cope with the foemen;

And as an invasion

Threatened the nation—

Box }

Cox }

Pooh! there's no occasion

To sing Rataplan.

All

But Rataplan,

Penelope Ann,

Has married another respectable man.

Three cheers for Knox,

Who lives at the docks,

And let him live happily if he can.

Rataplan.

Ah!

THE END.

JUST PUBLISHED

Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery
Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

- ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

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FREDELRICK OSSIAN.....	Mr. John Drew.
ANDREW STRONG.....	Mr. Lewis Baker.
HIRAM GREEN.....	Mr. Harry Harwood.
BARRINGTON, his son.....	Mr. Arthur Byron.
NATHANIEL BILSER, on business.....	Mr. Leslie Allen.
CODDLE, butler to Green.....	Mr. Frank E. Lamb.
MRS. OSSIAN.....	Mrs. Annie Adams.
SUZANNE ELISE, daughter to Green.....	Miss Olive May.
MRS. BEVERLY STUART-DODGE.....	Miss Kate Meek.
MIRIAM, her daughter.....	Miss Maude Adams.

ACT. I.—Drawing-room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT II.—Another drawing-room in Green's Cottage, San Augustine, Florida.

ACT III.—Green's house near Lenox, Mass.

This comedy was produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams, and was an enormous success. We take great pleasure in specially recommending this Comedy for amateur production.

The Famous Farcical Comedy Played by the late Roland Reed over 1,500 times, entitled

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A FARCICAL COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

By DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

Author of "The Senator," "For Congress," Etc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAMUEL BUNDY	MRS. LUCY JOY
PROFESSOR HORACE MULLBRIDGE	MISS ALICE LANE
DR. LANE	MRS. WALTON
GEORGE DOBBINS	THOMPSON
TOM RIPLEY	WILLIAM
ORLANDO HAWKINS	JAMES

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Mrs. Joy's private apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. Interval, one week. "Engaged."

ACT II.—Same scene. Interval, two weeks. "Disengaged."

ACT III.—Parlors, Fifth Avenue Hotel. Interval, one hour. "A Wedding on the Sly."

ACT IV.—Consultation room. Dr. Lane's house, Washington Heights, New York City. "Of Course You Know I am not Insane."

"This comedy is as full of fun as a shad is full of bones."—*New York Times*.

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This play is particularly adapted to amateurs, and is one of the best "Rube" plays that has been published in recent years, Mr. Scoville, the author, having toured the United States with the play for two or three seasons with enormous success. The play is full of comedy and strong situations. It has six male and three female characters. There are good parts for a villain, a tramp, and a farmer, to say nothing of the "Country Kid," which is a rip-roarer. The parts for a leading juvenile, a sourette, and a character old woman are exceedingly good. Songs and dances and other specialties can be introduced in the play if so desired. It is sure to be a great hit wherever produced.

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OR, THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

(AN IDYL OF YANKEELAND.)

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By HERBERT DURRELL SMART.

Eight Male, Three Female Characters. Scenery Easily Arranged.

Costumes Modern.

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Eight male, three female characters. Scenery easily arranged.

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CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Modern costume. Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, there discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Dora Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Dora turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

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A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Costume about 1786. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interior scenes; one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of about forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a young girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene, and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by 12 males and 5 females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Froese with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

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A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. Modern costume. Time, 2¼ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident. The latter eventually turns out to be the girl's father.